

A NEW  
WHIM OF THE DAY;  
OR,  
MUSICAL OLIO:  
CONTAINING  
AN ELEGANT SELECTION  
OF THE  
MOST APPROVED  
SONGS,

NOW SINGING AT  
THE THEATRES ROYAL,  
RANELAGH, VAUXHALL,  
AND  
Other Convivial and Polite Assemblies.

---

A NEW EDITION.

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LONDON:

Printed for T. AXTELL, Cornhill, and sold by all Bookfellers in  
Great Britain and Ireland. Price Six Pence.







THE HIGHLAND REEL. a  
*New Whim of the Day.*

A NEW  
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MUSICAL OLIO:

CONTAINING  
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S O N G S,

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THE  
MUSICAL OLIO.

---

S O N G.

A DROP OF A DRAM.

*Sung in Tippoo Saib.*

**S** EARCH all the world over thro' all times and ages,  
And if you read hist'ry aright,  
You'll find that great men from the Kings to their  
pages,

Had as leave go to drink as to fight :  
Then be easy, dear creatures, ha done with complain-  
ing,

Your trouble is all but a sham,  
To be sure there's no sport like the toils of cam-  
paigning,

When cheer'd by the drop of a dram.

B :

They

They say the grand Turk swallows ocean's in private,  
 And faith I believe in that fame;  
 He has drain'd his whole kingdom so wonderful dry,  
 That the capital's all in a flame.

Then be easy, &c.

Then there's the great Empress ye call rusty fusty,  
 A prince of a queen to be sure;  
 Don't we know the old devil gets wonderful bosky,  
 And all thro' a thirst after pow'r?

Then be easy, &c.

There's another great Emperor call'd King of Ger-  
 many,  
 Faith and he's none of the least;  
 He hob-nobs with his friends, and to keep peace and  
 harmony,  
 Drinks with his sword in his fist.

Then be easy, &c.

---

## S O N G.

### EACH PLEASURE TO HUNTING MUST YIELD.

**Y**E sportsmen for pleasure and exercise born,  
 For shame, leave your beds and arise with the  
 morn,  
 The goddess Diana leads forth to the chace,  
 And day, my brave fellows, breaks on us apace:  
 The morn is right healthy, right hearty and clear,  
 Fine sport will attend us, my boys, never fear;  
 And now we're all ready, huzza for the field,  
 Each pleasure to hunting sweet hunting must yield.

Our steeds are sure footed, our dogs staunch and good,  
 Prepar'd to encounter with lake, sence, and wood ;  
 Now Reynard have at ye, the hounds have a scent,  
 And eager for blood on destruction are bent ;  
 Hark, hark, how the clamour rebounds to the spheres,  
 The glorious confusion enraptures the ears ;  
 Old crafty still heads them the length of a field.  
 Each pleasure to hunting sweet hunting must yield.

By Nimrod how charming the chase does improve,  
 Hills, vallies, and mountains apparently move ;  
 The fox is a stager, how daring he flies,  
 Dogs, horses, and huntsmen the brusher defies ;  
 But see how he trembles, and halts to gain breath,  
 Now nothing can save him from imminent death,  
 The harriers have seiz'd him, what shouts rend the field  
 Each pleasure to hunting, sweet hunting must yield.

---

S O N G.

TIPPOO DISCOMFITED.

*Sung by Mr. Fawcet.*

**O** SUSAN's the devil, there's no getting at her,  
 She's always a romping, coqueting, od rot her ;  
 She's bobbing to one and she's nodding to t'other,  
 To Dick, or to Tom, or to Jack, or his brother ;  
 I thought she lov'd me and I went up to sound her,  
 Her eyes they went thro' me down I went like a flounder

O fighting's the devil, there's none can deny it,  
 If any one doubts it why pray let them try it—  
 There's wars where you cut, slash, and shoot one ano-  
 ther,  
 There's news paper wars where you cut up your bro-  
 ther;  
 I thought I'd have a touch, Susan's spark I'd bang  
 found, Sir,  
 But his fitt came so hard down I went like a flounder.

O starving's the devil, my master will tell ye,  
 All pinching is good, even pinching the belly,  
 Barley broth, & reay haggis, and thick water gruel,  
 Sing'd head, & in of beef—then Susan's so cruel—  
 What with starving and loving, I fure shall be found,  
 Sir,  
 Behind the door hanging, as dead as a flounder.

---

## S O N G.

### JACK SPRITSAIL'S DEPARTURE.

**J**ACK Spritsail steer'd from Plymouth sound,  
 To leave his charming Sue;  
 His voyage it was the world around,  
 When thus he bade adieu:  
 Farewell my love, don't weep for me,  
 Tho' far I sail upon the sea.

With

With courage stor'd and heart that's true,  
 I can no danger fear;  
 My only thought will be for you,  
 My joy, and all that's dear:  
 Farewell, my love, don't weep for me,  
 Tho' far I sail upon the sea.

The winds may rise and billows roar,  
 Yet fate that rules above,  
 May bring me to my native shore,  
 To anchor with my love:  
 Once more farewell, don't weep for me,  
 Tho' far I sail upon the sea.

The boatswain pip'd all hands on board,  
 The boat row'd swift to shore,  
 While she the friendly pow'rs implor'd.  
 Jack Spritfail to restore:  
 Farewell he cry'd, farewell said she,  
 May heav'n return my Jack to me.

---

## S O N G.

ACROSS THE DOWNS THIS MORNING.

*Sung by Sig. Storace.*

**A** CROSS the downs this morning,  
 As betimes I chanc'd to go,  
**A** shepherd led his flock abroad,  
 All white as driven snow:

B 4

But

But one was most the shepherd's care,  
 A lamb so sleek, so plump, so fair;  
 Its wond'rous beauties in a word,  
     To let you fairly know,  
 'Twas such as Nelly from the fire,  
     Took off not long ago.

This lamb so blithe at Midsummer,  
     His frolic gambols play'd,  
 And now of all the flock a head  
     The pretty wanton stray'd;  
 A wolf that watch'd with greedy eyes,  
 Push'd forth and seiz'd the tender prize:  
 The shepherd saw and rais'd a stone,  
     So round, so large, I vow,  
 'Twas like the cake that Nelly laid,  
     Upon the shelf just now.

This monst'rous stone the shepherd flung,  
     And well his aim he took;  
 Yet scarce the savage creature deign'd  
     Around to cast a look;  
 But fled as swift with footsteps light,  
 As he who brought the wine to night:  
 I try'd to stop the thief, but he  
     Turn'd round in rage, good lack!  
 So mad the lawyer scarce can be,  
     That's hid in yonder sack.

---

S O N G.

THE PRETTY GENTLEMAN.

I AM, gads me, a gentleman,  
Renown'd for pretty speeches ;  
I walk 'till dark  
About the park,  
In boots and leather breeches :  
My father was no matter who,  
'Tis needless, Sir to say ;  
My lodging is a secret too,  
I change it every day :  
My snuff-box, chain,  
And twelve inch cane,  
I never do forget,  
I bid the tradesmen call again,  
And keep my cash to entertain  
Friend Bob and my mistress Bet.

I visit oft' the coffee-house,  
And spend there my bad halfpence ;  
If Bob I see,  
He pays for me,  
So happy I escape hence :  
When cash abounds I love to shine  
In this and that hotel ;  
I pick my teeth and drink my wine,  
To do which I like well :

But I, when low,  
To Simpson's go,  
A small allowance get  
Then study ways and means at night,  
That I may with good cheer invite,  
Friend Bob and my mistress Bet.

I've studied all the fairest oaths,  
'Tis split me, Sir, or dem me;  
In short I swear,  
With greater air,  
Than Billy, Jack, or Jemmy:  
When 'tis half price, to Drury-Lane  
I go to see the play;  
Or Covent-Garden, where I fain  
Would loll the time away—  
There with my glafs,  
I spy each lafs,  
And all the folks are met:  
That I may show myself and see  
If peradventure there may be  
Friend Bob and my Mistress Bet.

I call on friends at three o'clock,  
To be to dine invited;  
With Bob, my friend,  
I often spend  
My fundays quite delighted:  
For this friend Bob, as you must know,  
Is my dear Betty's spouse;  
So out of friendship do I go,  
To this young couple's house;

Then

( II )

There free I make,  
My bottle take  
And never do forget,  
When the husband is away,  
With secret kisses to repay,  
Friend Bob and my Mistress Bet.

---

S O N G.

NOW OR NEVER,

*Sung by Mrs. Leaver.*

AS walking t'other day alone,  
I met with handsome Harry,  
Who truly quite audacious grown,  
Requested would I marry:  
But when I told him, no not I,  
He sigh'd and look'd so clever,  
I could have said, I know not why,  
Come, take me now or never.

Poor Harry cry'd, sweet girl forbear,  
Take pity on my passion:  
Indeed said I, Sir, are you there?  
Deceit is all the fashion:  
But oh, he swore, he'd sooner die,  
Than give me up for ever;  
Why dilly dally then, thought I,  
Come, take me now or never.

B 6

But

But all I said could nought avail,  
 The fly, the roguish Harry,  
 So press'd his fond his tender tale,  
 Poor I agreed to marry :  
 I could not leave him in the lurch,  
 Who plead'd love so clever,  
 So smiling cry'd, pray lead to church,  
 Come, take me now or never.

---

## S O N G.

IRISH WAY TO LIVE A LITTLE LONGER.

*Sung by Mr. Johnstone.*

**I**N Carlow town there liv'd a maid,  
 More sweet than flowers at day break ;  
 Their vows contending lovers paid,  
 But none of marriage dar'd to speak :  
     First, with a sigh,  
     'Twas oh ! I die,  
 Each day my passion's stronger ;  
 When sprightly Nancy straight would say,  
 You'll die, dear Sir, the Irish way,  
 To live a little longer.

At length grown jealous, Venus cries,  
 Her pride is past all bearing ;  
 And straight sent Mars down from the skies,  
 In form of Captain Daring,

First with a sigh,  
 He cry'd I die,  
 The god found passion stronger ;  
 But sprightly Nancy still did say,  
 You'll die, dear Sir, the Irish way,  
 To live a little longer.

At length he like a soldier press'd,  
 And quickly saw that Nancy ;  
 The snow was thaw'd all in her breast,  
 A soldier caught her fancy :  
     With downcast eye,  
     She heav'd a sigh,  
 Her passion still grew stronger  
 And Nancy was oblig'd to say,  
 I'll die myself the Irish way,  
 To live a little longer.

## S O N G;

THE FISHERMAN.

*Sung by Mr. Gray.*

I AM, d'ye see, a fisherman,  
 And fear no wind or weather,  
     While mate and I  
     Our tackle try,  
 And friendly haul together :  
 When o'er the beach high breakers dash,  
 We fearless keep afloat ;

And

And, cheek by jowl,  
 Contented troll  
 Where fish are to be caught:  
 Well fenc'd within, our bosom light,  
 Full readily we go,  
 And still, when stormy dangers press,  
 No men alive mind dangers less,  
 Than I and my partner Joe.  
  
 Some dread the winds and some the waves,  
 'Tis all an idle notion;  
 More cruel foes,  
 No seaman knows,  
 Than those which skirt the ocean:  
 When winds and waves the vessel spare,  
 Fell rocks and sands devour,  
 And worse than they,  
 Like beasts of prey,  
 Oft landsmen prowl the shore:  
 But should we live on sad distress,  
 Like savage lubbers? No:  
 And o'er the deck when dangers press,  
 No men alive mind plunder less  
 Than I and my partner Joe.

---

## S O N G.

LEADER-HAUGHS AND YARROW.

**T**HE morn was fair, fast was the air,  
 All nature's sweets were springing,  
 The buds did bow with silver dew,  
 Ten thousand birds were singing:

When on they bent with blithe consent,  
Young Jamie sang his marrow:  
Nae bonnier lass e'er trod the grass,  
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

How sweet her face where ev'ry grace,  
In heav'nly beauty's planted;  
Her smiling een, and comely mien,  
That nae perfection wanted:  
I'll never fret, nor ban my fate,  
But bless my bonny marrow,  
If her dear smile my doubts beguile,  
My mind shall ken nae sorrow.

Yet tho' she's fair, and has full share  
Of every charm enchanting,  
Each good turns ill, and soon will kill  
Poor me, if love be wanting:  
O, bonny lass, have but the grace,  
To think ere ye gae further,  
Your joys maun flit if you commit  
The crying sin of murder.

My wand'ring ghaist will ne'er get rest,  
But day and night affright ye;  
But if you're kind and joyful mind,  
I'll study to delight ye:  
Our years around with love thus crown'd,  
From all things joy shall borrow;  
Thus none shall be more blest than we,  
On Leader-haughs and Yarrow.

O, sweetest Sue, 'tis only you,  
 Can make life worth my wishes;  
 If equal love your mind can move  
 To grant this best of blisses:  
 Thou art my fun, and thy least frown  
 Would blast me in the blossom;  
 But if thou shine, and make me thine,  
 I'll flourish in thy bosom.

---

S O N G.

O'WHACK'S JOURNEY TO PARIS.

*Sung in Notoriety.*

**Y**OU may talk of a brogue, and of Ireland, sweet  
 nation,  
 And of bulls, and of howls, and palaver, comme ça;  
 But, mon dieu, its no more to the french boderation,  
 Than vin de Bourdeaux like to sweet Usquebaugh:  
 If I go back again blood and ouns how I'll wriggle,  
 And congee and caper and make the folks stare;  
 And instead of potatoes how, Shelah will giggle,  
 When I cries Ma'amfelle hand me that sweet Pom-  
 mede terre:  
 With their petit chanfon Caira, caira,  
 Malbrook, mermington, and their dans votre lit,  
 By the powr's they're all nonsense and bodder agrah,  
 To our didderoo bubberor whack lango lee.

Oh

Oh mon jolly tight Shelagh ah, how could I scorn her,  
 When I lov'd her so dearly, ma foi hubbabeo:  
 And go round the globe, aye, from corner to corner,  
 For soup maigre, la dance, and for frogs and vertu:  
 And then to forsake magnifique Tipperaro,  
 For payre Versailles and its capering throng;  
 And eat fricafees only fit for a fairy,  
 Instead of substantial roast beef—de mutton.  
 With their petit, &c.

Oh, I kiss'd a Grifette, who halloo'd out ma fi done,  
 And yet I consol'd her all night and all day;  
 To be sure and I was not her sweet Irish Cupidon,  
 Her petit mignon, and mi lord Anglois:  
 But when she found out fans fix fous was poor whack,  
 Sir,  
 It was allez miserable diable John Bull,  
 So I e'en gave this blarneying frenchified cat, Sir,  
 Or good wholesome Shillilagh a compleat stomach  
 full.

With their petit, &c.

---

## S O N G.

BRAVE HAL.

**H**ERE, full of scars, lies brave Hal Brazen  
 For whom the corps has griev'd;  
 He'll ne'er stand centry for this reason,  
 By death he's now reliev'd:  
 Five feet six inches he was counted,  
 And brave with all 'tis said:  
 The guard by him's no longer mounted,  
 He rests in honor's bed.

Hal never from his corps deserted,  
 He'd face a ball or sword :  
 His regiment he oft' diverted,  
 And Moll his wife ador'd :  
 How oft' did he against the foe march,  
 Pursuing all that fled ;  
 Farewell his quick step and his slow march,  
 He halts in honor's bed.

Yet Hal above shall be promoted,  
 When his commander great,  
 T'advance the brave, the good, and noted,  
 Will give his orders strait :  
 To handle arms when word is given,  
 And trumpets call the dead,  
 Hal, to be billeted in heav'n,  
 Shall wake from honor's bed.

---

## S O N G.

'ERE AROUND THE HUGE OAK.

*Sung by Mr. Darley.*

'E'RE around the huge oak that o'er shadows *you*  
 mill,  
 The fond ivy had dar'd to entwine ;  
 'Ere the church was a ruin that nods on the hill,  
 Or the rook built his nest on the pine.

Could I trace back the time—a far distant date,  
 Since my forefathers toil'd in this field :  
 And the farm I now hold on your honor's estate,  
 Is the same that my grandfather 'till'd.

He dying bequeath'd to his son a good name,  
Which unfullied descended to me,  
For my child I've preserv'd it unblemish'd with shame,  
And it still from a spot shall be free.

---

S O N G.

CHARMING VILLAGE MAID.

*Sung in the Farmer.*

CHARMING village maid,  
If thou wilt be mine,  
In gold and pearls array'd,  
All my wealth is thine:  
If not enjoy'd with thee,  
E'en nature's beauties fade:  
Sweetest do but love me,  
Charming village maid.

Had I yon shepherd's care,  
Your lambs to feed and fold,  
The dog-star heat I'd bear,  
And winter's piercing cold:  
Well pleas'd I'd toil for thee,  
At harrow. flail, or spade;  
Sweetest do but love me,  
Charming village maid.

This

This morn, at early dawn,  
 I had a hedge-rose wild ;  
 Its sweets perfum'd the lawn,  
 'Twas sportive nature's child :  
 My lovely fair, for thee  
 Transplanted from the glade ;  
 Sweetest do but love me,  
 Charming village maid.

---

S O N G.

O HOW I LONG TO BE A BRIDE.

**Y**OUNG William is the sweetest youth,  
 That e'er to maid protested truth ;  
 Whene'er he's by my heart is light,  
 But heavy when he's out of sight :  
 I know not how, but for it is,  
 I often wish that I were his ;  
 Ah! sweet would then the minutes glide !  
 O how I wish to be a bride.

My father swears, my mother rants,  
 My brother raves, my sister cants,  
 Aunts, uncles, cousins, all agree,  
 That William's not the lad for me :  
 But sure they do not know me well,  
 To think I mind what stuff they tell ;  
 That he is not must yet be try'd—  
 O how I long to be a bride.

Next Sunday, when they're all at church,  
 By Jove we'll leave them in the lurch ;  
 'Tis then the time we've fix'd to go,  
 Where each relation little know :  
 But sure it is they'll burn with spleen,  
 To find we're off for Gretna-Green.  
 And then we shall, whate'er betide—  
 O how I long to be a bride.

---

S O N G.

I NEVER CAN LOVE NONE BUT YOU.

*Sung by Mr. Darley.*

**M**Y mind is distracted, my heart's in a flame,  
 My senses are quite led astray ;  
 The villagers chide me and say I'm to blame,  
 For being less happy than they :  
 But taunts and reproofs I can easily bear,  
 So thou, my weat Nancy be true ;  
 For this I protest and most solemnly swear,  
 I never can love none but you.

Whenever requested to join in the dance,  
 At eve on the green, or the fair ;  
 Both timid and slowly I'm sure to advance,  
 If Nancy, sweet Nancy's not there :  
 But, oh ! if I see her among the gay throng,  
 My breast glows with rapture anew,  
 My heart is elated, and this is my song,  
 I never can love none but you.

My fair is divested of guile and deceit,  
 In her all the virtues combine ;  
 And surely the journey of life would be sweet,  
 Would Nancy, dear Nancy be mine :  
 Come then, lovely girl, to my wishes agree,  
 And love's gentle mandate pursue ;  
 My heart ne'er can wander, sweet Nancy, from thee,  
 I never can love none but you.

---

S O N G.

STREPHON'S ADDRESS.

**B**Y that eye which eclipses the stars playful light,  
 By those teeth which may rival the pearls gloss  
 white,

By a shape nature form'd to distribute delight,  
 Your Strephon is faithful, sweet Mary :  
 By that mind which to science the gods have inclin'  
 By those wonderful talents which taste has refin'd,  
 By thy Titian, or Handel oh be not unkind  
 To the youth who adores lovely Mary.

If a temper more smooth than the Po's glassy stream  
 United to cheerfulness claims not esteem,  
 Then all life is no more than a phantom or dream  
 And Strephon in truth loves not Mary:  
 But as sure as existence is more than a dream,  
 And as sure as that excellence must meet esteem,  
 So sure is poor Strephon in love to extreme,  
 With the charming, the elegant Mary.

S O N G.

THE WOUNDED SOLDIER.

*Sung by Mr. Gray.*

**T**HE vainly ambitious may proudly recite,  
Their glory in arms and their ardor in flight;  
Relate the destruction they hurl'd on the foe,  
And boast of the conquests attending each blow:  
Such pompous effusions belong not to me,  
Old England defending I fought to be free.

Truly brave is the foldier, possessing a breast,  
Where mercy resides to relieve the distress'd;  
Or, viewing with pity the bloody stain'd blade,  
Heaves a sigh at the havoc his valor had made;  
And when in gay triumph his captives are led,  
Drops a tribute to nature—a tear for the dead.

Commission'd with carnage the balls swiftly fly,  
Poor me they've bereft of a limb and an eye;  
But why at their loss should I weakly repine,  
They are lent to the wars, only gone for a time,  
And when from death's slumber, I'm bade to awake,  
Return'd to their home their old stations will take.

Should new conflicts arise and my King want support,  
To the standard of honor I'll cheerful resort,  
Tho' partly disabled no dangers I'll fly,  
'Tis the pride of a foldier to conquer or die:  
But if heav'n indulgent will grant my request,  
With peace, lovely peace may we ever be blest.

S O N G.

A SMILE FROM THE GIRL OF MY HEART.

*Sung by Mr. Blanchard.*

**I**N the world's crooked path where I've been,  
There to share in life's gloom my poor part,  
The sunshine that soften'd the scene  
Was, a smile from the girl of my heart.

Not a swain when the lark quits her nest,  
But to labour with glee will depart,  
If at eve he expects to be blest,  
With a smile from the girl of his heart.

Come then crosses and cares as they may,  
Let my mind still this maxim impart,  
That the comfort of man's fleeting day,  
Is a smile from the girl of his heart.

---

SONG.

S O N G.

JOYS OF THE BOTTLE.

*Sung by Mr. Collins.*

**W**HILE nostrums are held out to cure each disease,  
And to parry with death or with pain as we please;  
The protracter of life, and preserver of ease,  
I have ever yet found in a bottle.

Or when care like a clog hangs about my poor heart,  
And health from the burden seems bent to depart,  
If the millstone shake off and death draws off his dart,  
When he sees that my doctor's a bottle.

And should love, whose dominion is ever divine,  
Drench my doating fond eyes in a deluge of wine,  
Ev'ry tear that I drop at bright Venus's shrine,  
Let me drown in the tears of the bottle.

And as pride may prevail where it ne'er should take  
place,  
Let its impulse my portion of prudence disgrace,  
Let me nobly renounce all her stiff necked race,  
To bend down the stiff neck of a bottle.

Or should av'rice (that first of all vices I'd shun)  
Shrink the cords of my heart, I'd bet millions to one  
That they soon should expand like the rays of the sun,  
And benevolence spring from a bottle.

W. D.

C

And

And when time with his scythe, and his silver toupee,  
 Would my spirits exel from the mansions of glee,  
 They triumphant shall float in a glorious red sea,  
 Which eternally flows from a bottle.

And for those who the full tide of beauty extend,  
 That the bard may be blest with his bottle and friend,  
 May the tops of our lives every joy to transcend,  
 Still be crown'd with a friend and a bottle.

---

S O N G.

THE BUCKET OF WATER.

*Sung by Mr. Collins.*

**T**IS a mighty fine thing, to be sure it is now,  
 Without e'er a bull, or a blunder, I vow,  
 We can sing an old song of a crafty old cow,  
 That was call'd Tibby Crocket,  
 Who pickt a man's pocket,  
 I don't mean of purse, watch, or trinket, or locket,  
 But of such a droll thing as a bucket of water.

This ragged old runt carried water about,  
 And she got paid before hand by Master Ridout,  
 For to fetch him a bucket full from the next spout,  
 And so Tibby Crocket,  
 That way pickt his pocket,  
 I don't mean of purse, watch, trinket, or locket,  
 But the cash that she bon'd for a bucket of water.

For he waited with patience 'till twelve for his tea,  
And he then went to breakfast without his Bohea,  
While the price of the water she soon wash'd away:

So you see Tibby Crocket,

Thus pickt the man's pocket,

I don't mean of purse, watch, trinket, or locket,  
But the cash that she bon'd for a bucket of water.

But when justice, old trudge-bucket, once grips you fast,  
(As she's watching your waters I plainly forecast)  
At the gallows you'll sure kick the bucket at last;

And you'll then, Tibby Crocket,

No more pick a pocket,

I don't mean of purse, watch, or trinket or locket,  
But the thing that I mean is a bucket of water.

And for you, Master Ridout, since that is your name,  
When you ride out, or walk out, beside a clear stream,  
Never make ducks and drakes of yourself and that  
fame:

Since you know Tibby Crocket,

One day pickt your pocket,

I don't mean of purse, watch, or trinket, or locket,  
But of such a droll thing as a bucket of water.

## S O N G.

## THE SUMMUM BONUM.

**G**IVE me wine, rosy wine, that foe to despair,  
 Whose magical power can banish all care;  
 Of friendship the parent, composer of strife,  
 The soother of sorrow, and blessing of life:  
 The schools about happiness warmly dispute,  
 And weary the sense of the phantom pursuit;  
 In spite of their maxims, I dare to define,  
 The grand summum bonum's a bumper of wine.

To the coward a warmth it ne'er fails to impart,  
 And opens the lock of a miserly heart,  
 While thus we carouse it, the wheels of the soul,  
 O'er life's rugged highway agreeably roll;  
 Each thinks of his charmer, who never can cloy,  
 And fancy rides post to the regions of joy:  
 In spite of dull maxims, I dare to define  
 The grand summum bonum's a bumper of wine.

'Tis the balsam specific, that heals ev'ry sore,  
 The oft'ner we taste it, we love it the more;  
 Then he who true happiness seeks to attain,  
 With spirit, the full flowing bumper must drain:  
 And he who the court of fair Venus would know,  
 Undaunted, thro' Bacchus's vineyard must go:  
 In spite of dull maxims, I dare to define,  
 The grand summum bonum's a bumper of wine.

S O N G.

THE DESPONDING NEGRO.

*Sung by Mr. Collins.*

ON Afric's wide plains where the Lion loud roar-  
ing,  
With freedom stalks forth the vast desert exploring,  
I was dragg'd from my hut, and enchain'd like a  
slave,  
In a dark floating dungeon upon the salt wave :  
Spare a halfpenny to a poor negro.

Toft on the wild main I all wildly despairing,  
Burst my chains, rush'd on deck with mine eyeballs  
wide glaring,  
When the lightning's dread blast struck the inlets of  
day,  
And its glorious bright beams shut for ever away.  
Spare, &c.

The despoiler of man then his prospect thus losing  
Of gain, by my sale, not a blind bargain chosing,  
As my value compar'd with my keeping was light,  
Had me dash'd overboard in the dead of the night.  
Spare, &c.

And but for a bark to Britannia's coast bound then,  
All my cares by that plunge in the deep had been  
drown'd then,

C 3

But,

But, by moonlight descry'd, I was snatch'd from the  
wave,  
And reluctantly robb'd of a watery grave.  
Spare, &c.

How disastrous my fate freedom's ground tho' tread  
now,  
Torn from home, wife, and children, and wand'ring  
for bread now,  
While seas roll between us which ne'er can be cross'd,  
And hope's distant glimm'ring in darkness is lost.  
Spare, &c.

But of minds foul and fair when the judge and the  
ponderer  
Shall restore light and rest to the blind and the wanderer,  
The European's deep dye may outrival the snow,  
And the soul of an Ethiop prove white as the snow.  
Spare, &c.

---

S O N G.

THE PROPHETIC PIG.

*Sung by Mr. Collins.*

**Y**OU all must have heard of the learned pig,  
A little one in size tho' in science very big,  
But what will you say to a pig of my own,  
To which that pig is no more than a drone:

For

For, as Cock-Lane ghost,  
On waincoat and post,  
With a knock or a scratch to answer was wont,  
So my pig too,  
Will answer as true,  
Saying no, with a snort, Sir, and yes, with a grunt.

The parson of the parish, a pious man,  
Says, pray, Mr. Pig, resolve me if you can ;  
As I christen, and I bury, and I preach, and I pray,  
And constantly keep ev'ry festival day :

Pray shall not be I  
A bishop by and bye,  
And from Diocese to Diocese to Canterbury pass ?  
No, snorting, says the pig—  
Says the parson, looking big,  
Sir, you are an impostor and your pig's but an ass.

Then old Lady Wishfor't, a widow I wot,  
Who the joys of wedlock never yet forgot,  
With a thumping colt's tooth in her head,  
And thinking on the life she formerly led,

Says, pray, Mr. Swine,  
Shall a husband soon be mine,  
And I be no longer a widow forlorn ?  
O owhee, says the hog,  
Which set her all agog,  
For she vow'd such a charming little pig was never  
born.

Then a French refugee who was jealous of his rib,  
Knowing that my pig at answer was glib,  
Says Monsieur, repondez moi, sans facon,  
Am I not a cuckold, Sir, cui ounon ?

Oowhee, was the reply,  
 By gar, says he, you lie,  
 My wife to be sure no care for me a fig;  
 But if I wear de horn,  
 No Frenchman ever born,  
 Will suffer to be call'd von cuckold by a pig.

Then Sir Guttlebelly Gobblewell, who never baulk'd  
 his glafs,  
 Cries, damme, an't it hard for a sot that I must pass!  
 Yet though I'm thus abus'd, Mr. Pig, by my wife,  
 Did you ever see a soberer man in your life?  
 Piggy grunted so loud,  
 That the rest of the crowd  
 All gap'd and star'd like stuck pigs, I vow;  
 When old Boozy in pout,  
 Turn'd about and hiccup'd out,  
 Why, damme, but your pig's as drunk as David's  
 fow.

A punning philosopher standing by,  
 Who Pythagoras's doctrine held by the bye,  
 Very gravely exclaim'd, I can easily trace  
 A metempsychosis in this pig's face!  
 For pig's but a name,  
 And man's but the same,  
 And in transmigration, if I'm not mistaken,  
 This learned pig must be,  
 By consanguinity,  
 Descended from the great Lord Bacon.

The pig at a joke so humourous and blunt,  
 Cries Oowhee, Oowhee, as loud as he could grunt,  
 Which shewed that he knew, though a four footed elf,  
 His pedigree as well as Caldwell himself:

And

And my life will I pawn,  
That when collar'd into brawn,  
He that eats but his fill, though at College never  
bred,  
Like an egg full of meat,  
Will with learning be replete,  
For he'll have it in his belly if not in his head.

---

S O N G.

FALSTAF'S RAGAMUFFINS.

*Sung by Mr. Collins.*

**F** A I T H and troth I'm so 'sham'd of my soldiers,  
They shall never beat their march through Co-  
ventry,  
For zooks they're the laughing stocks of all beholders;  
Such a ragamuffin group,  
That you'd swear the tatter'd troupe  
Were newly dropp'd or taken down from tyburn  
tree.

So bare and so beggarly they're meer food for powder.  
Yet they'll fill a pit as well as better men, d'ye see;  
And their bare bones I own of my paunch makes me  
prouder,  
As, without any fibs,  
Four fingers on the ribs,  
May prove they never borrow'd their bareness from  
me.

And then there's no more (I must speak it to my  
shame too)

Then a shirt and a half in my whole company,  
And those were both stolen from the last Inn they  
came to:

But, while there's washerwomen,  
They'll never want for linen,  
As they'll find enough on every hedge or tree.

---

S O N G.

SLY YOUNG CURTIS.

*By W. C. Oulton.*

**P**OOOR Hodge was grown so very old,  
While Curtis still was young and fair;  
That neighbour's wonder'd to behold,  
And call'd them an unequal pair;  
But, cries Curtis fly, cries she,  
The match is not so bad d'ye see.

Now Hodge with age quite blind became,  
His ears as well as eyes did fail,  
And then he was so very lame,  
That all his friends did him bewail:  
But, cries Curtis, fly cries she,  
The will of heav'n you know must be.

And

And now from Numps there came a note,  
 It was to Curtis as agreed,  
 Hodge could not see though what was wrote,  
 And gave it to his wife to read:  
 For, cries Curtis, fly cries she,  
 'Tis all the same if I can see.

Sly Curtis took it now, and read  
 The billet-doux with right good will:  
 And to her husband shrewdly said,  
 My dear, 'tis landlord Giles's bill!  
 And, thinks Curtis, fly thinks she,  
 How lucky 'tis he cannot see.

When Numps did at the house appear,  
 He knocked loud with pressing want;  
 Open the door, cries Hodge, my dear,  
 I cannot stir, you know I can't:  
 And, thinks Curtis, fly thinks she,  
 So much the better 'tis for me.

Now Numps as Giles is introduc'd,  
 Before the spouse he courts the wife;  
 Hodge, who half hears himself abus'd,  
 Exclaims, what do you say, my life?  
 Why, cries Curtis, fly cries she,  
 I'm shewing friend how we agree.

## S O N G.

THREE YEARS A SAILOR'S LIFE I LED.

*Sung by Mr. Bannister.*

THREE years a sailer's life I led,  
 And plough'd the roaring sea;  
 For why her foes should England dread,  
 Whilst all her sons are free?  
 From France and Spain I earn my bread,  
 I thought it fair, d'ye see,  
 And if a shot had ta'en my head,  
 Why there was an end of me.

A med'cine sure from grief and care,  
 I steer'd my course to find;  
 Thenceforth an easy sail to bear,  
 And run before the wind:  
 Their conjuring skill let Doctors boast,  
 And nostrums of their shop,  
 Where'er we search from coast to coast,  
 There's none like the golden drop.

For gold we sail the world around,  
 And dare the tempest's rage,  
 For when the sparkler's once are found,  
 They ev'ry ill assuage:  
 'Twixt Jew and Christian not a fig  
 Of difference here we find;  
 The Jew no loathing has to pig,  
 If 'tis of the guinea kind.

SONGS:

---

S O N G.

I THOUGHT IT WAS QUEER.

*Sung by Miss Newman.*

AS I lean'd o'er a gate one Midsummer eve,  
When the sky in the brook look'd so clear,  
Young Robin came flyly and tugg'd at my sleeve,  
I could not help thinking it queer:  
He patted my cheek, and he play'd with my hand,  
And he gave such a whimsical leer,  
Then talk'd about things I could scarce understand,  
That I could not help thinking him queer.

Now all on a sudden he let his thoughts lose,  
And he ask'd if to church I would steer;  
I thought him a whimsical mad headed goose,  
For his talking of matters so queer:  
I mean't to have chid him for what he had said,  
When he whisper'd so soft in my ear,  
That if I had hurt him my heart would have bled,  
For my heart it felt some how so queer.

How long have you lov'd me, pray Robin, (said I)  
When he answered, 'a calender year';  
I then was resolv'd with his suit to comply,  
Altho' it seem'd hasty and queer:  
Folks thought it so odd that an hour, or so,  
Should have made me so ready appear,  
But many a lass who have answer'd with no,  
Have died like old maidens so queer.

SONG.

S O N G.

SALLY IN OUR ALLEY.

*Sung by Mess. Incledon and Dignum.*

**O**F all the girls that are so smart,  
There's none like pretty Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley:  
There's ne'er a lady in the land  
That's half so sweet as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Her father he makes cabbage nets,  
And through the streets doth cry 'em,  
Her mother she sells laces long,  
To such as please to buy 'em:  
But sure such folks could ne'er beget  
So sweet a girl as Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When she is by I leave my work,  
I love her so sincerely;  
My master comes like any Turk,  
And bangs me most severely:  
But, let him bang his belly full,  
I'll bear it all for Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

Of all the days that's in the week,  
I dearly love but one day,  
And that's the day that comes betwixt  
Saturday and Monday—  
For then I'm drest in all my best,  
To walk abroad with Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My Master carries me to church,  
And often am I blamed,  
Because I leave him in the lurch,  
As soon as text is named:  
I leave the church in sermon time,  
And flink away to Sally—  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

When Christmas comes about again,  
O then I shall have money,  
I'll hoard it up and box and all,  
I'll give it to my honey:  
And would it were ten thousand pounds,  
I'd give it all to Sally;  
She is the darling of my heart,  
And she lives in our alley.

My Master and the neighbours all  
Make game of me and Sally;  
And, but for her, I'd better be  
A slave, and row a galley:  
But when my seven long years are out;  
O then I'll marry Sally,  
O then we'll wed and then we'll bed,  
But not in our alley.

SONG.

S O N G.

WHEN FIRST I SLIPP'D MY LEADING STRINGS.

*Sung by Miss Huntley.*

**W**HEN first I slipp'd my leading strings, to  
please her little Poll,  
My mother bought me at the fair a pretty waxen doll;  
Such flow black eyes and cherry cheeks, the smiling  
dear posselt,  
How could I kiss it oft' enough, or hug it to my breast?

No sooner I could prattle it, as forward Misses do,  
Than how I long'd and sigh'd to hear my dolly prattle  
too;  
I curl her hair in ringlets neat and dress her very gay,  
And yet the sulky huffy not a syllable would say.

Provok'd that to my questions kind no answer I could  
get,  
I shook the little huffy well and whipp'd her in a pet;  
My mother cry'd, O fie upon't, pray let your doll  
alone,  
If e'er you wish to have a pretty baby of your own.

My

My head on this I bridled up, and threw the play  
 thing by,  
 Altho' my sister snubb'd me for't, I know the reason  
 why,  
 I fancy she would wish to keep the sweet hearts all her  
 own,  
 But that she sha'n't, depend upon't, when I'm a wo-  
 man grown.

---

## S O N G.

BEN BOWLING.

*Sung by Mr. Darley.*

**B**EN BOWLING, a true hearted tar,  
 A right gallant son of the ocean,  
 Elate with the rumours of war,  
 Soon felt all his courage in motion:  
 The King he said, must be obey'd,  
 So, Molly, a truce to thy wailing,  
 For now ev'ry anchor is weigh'd,  
 And all the fleet ready for sailing—  
 Then, kissing his charmer, withdrew,  
 But often turn'd kindly to hail her,  
 While Molly sigh'd faintly, adieu,  
 Invoking success to her sailor.

Behold

Behold the fleet now under way,  
 Their sails are all swell'd by the breezes;  
 What beauty their streamers display,  
 What grandeur the prospect increases!  
 See! see! down the channel they stretch,  
 To glory and victory steering:  
 While proudly the crowd on the beach  
 Salute the bold heroes with cheering—  
 And still, while his dear was in view,  
 Ben often turn'd kindly to hail her,  
 While Molly sigh'd faintly, adieu,  
 Invoking success to her sailor.

Should Spain, amid' thunder and smoke,  
 Armadas build hopes of success on;  
 Depend on't our true hearts of oak  
 Will teach her an Old English lesson:  
 May Ben, for his dear Molly's sake,  
 Return again, laden with treasure,  
 And taking her under his wake,  
 Moor safe in the harbour of pleasure:  
 That Ben, when again he shall view  
 His charmer, with rapture may hail her,  
 And Molly, who late sigh'd adieu,  
 Glad greet the return of her sailor.

S O N G.

THE HOBBY HORSE.

AN ENIGMA.

**A** Hobby horse I always rode,  
And hope I ever shall,  
With courage mount the frisky nag,  
Regardless of a fall:  
Of late I've added to my stud  
A tit of ambling speed,  
Daughter of whim, by alphabet,  
A true enigma breed.

From hobby's fire take letters three,  
Then place them in a row,  
These turn'd about and rightly fix'd,  
Six words will plainly shew;  
Without the first, Great Britain's boast,  
Our navy would decline;  
And tipling girls with grief lament,  
Their loss of currant wine.

The second is an enemy,  
With mischief past all cure,  
Conveying torpor to the heart,  
And fixing death secure :

The

The third affords to race of man,  
 A valuable friend,  
 That will disorders oft' remove,  
 And constitutions mend.

The fourth by its pow'r at court,  
 Denotes the titled dame,  
 And shews the right of precedence,  
 As much as blazon'd fame:  
 To be the fifth I wish it not,  
 Either to friend or foe;  
 My love for human kind forbids  
 A wish that's fraught with woe.

As for the sixth I can but say,  
 Two letters only use;  
 For to say more would say too much,  
 Therefore you'll me excuse:  
 Thus ends my journey for a time,  
 And should this riddle tease you,  
 As Longman deals in sing song rhyme,  
 My next shall be to please you.

---

S O N G.

BANISH SORROW, GRIEF'S A FOLLY.

*Sung in the Crusade.*

**B**ANISH sorrow, grief's a folly,  
 Thought unbend thy wrinkled brow;  
 Hence dull care and melancholy,  
 Mirth and joy invite us now:

Bacchus

Bacchus empties all his treasure,  
 Comus brings us wit and song;  
 Follow, follow, follow pleasure,  
 Let us join the jovial throng.

The love sick swain who sighs and simpers,  
 T'other bottle would set free;  
 Nor artful smiles, nor am'rous whimpers,  
 E'er could fetter you or me:  
 We for courtship have no leisure,  
 Bumpers yield us better joy;  
 Follow, follow, follow pleasure,  
 While thus mirth our time employ.

Why then should dull care perplex us,  
 Why should we not jovial be?  
 Since we're here we've nought to vex us,  
 Bumpers set from care all free:  
 Then let's have bumpers without measure,  
 Let's be gay while time we have;  
 Follow, follow, follow pleasure,  
 There's no drinking in the grave.

---

## S O N G;

THE BONNY BELLS.

*Sung at the Apollo Gardens.*

**O** THE bonny bonny bells,  
 How I love to hear them found;  
 Far and near the lads and girls  
 Dance a merry merry round:

Who

Who is he so spruce and gay ?  
 How the youth each swain excels !  
 'Tis my love that comes this way,  
 O the bonny bonny bells.

Play away ye bonny bells,  
 Sweetest music to my ear !  
 How my heart with rapture swells,  
 At the presence of my dear !  
 Softly whispers now my love,  
 Trembling as his passion tells ;  
 Angels talk like him above—  
 O the bonny bonny bells.

Bonny bells for ever chime,  
 Theodore has fix'd the day ;  
 Sunday se'nnight is the time,  
 In the charming month of May :  
 How my heart goes pit a pat,  
 Love is full of magic spells,  
 Sunday se'nnight, think of that—  
 O the bonny bonny bells.

---

S O N G.

CHARMING KITTY.

*Sung by Mr. Inledon.*

**T**HOU' many a nymph may grace my song,  
 For shape, and grace, and features handsome ;  
 Yet, Kate, such charms to thee belong,  
 As well is worth a monarch's ransom—

And

And had I India's wealth in store,  
 I'd than with joy the court or city,  
 And live sequester'd ever more,  
 With thee, sweet maid, my charming Kitty.

I many an acre, Kate, can boast,  
 Large tracts of land with golden treasure,  
 Then come, sweet girl, I love thee most,  
 I'll lay it at thy feet with pleasure:  
 For thee I'll e'en the sex resign,  
 The fair, the brown, the gay, the witty,  
 If thou'lt be mine and only mine,  
 Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty.

Then leave the shepherds, bonny Kate,  
 Lay by thy crook, each care give over,  
 And let me henceforth on thee wait,  
 A task how pleasing to a lover:  
 My life I'll dedicate to thee,  
 And sing thee fit a tender ditty,  
 If thou'lt consent to live with me,  
 Sweet rustic maid, my charming Kitty.

---

S O N G.

PITY KINDLED INTO LOVE.

*By George Saville Carey.*

**I**N spite of what ym tongue can say,  
 Celia's deaf to all persuasion;  
 Cold seems her heart as earthly clay,  
 When love's my theme she's all evasion:

Why

Why did the gods impress my mind,  
 Or raise such ardor in my breast?  
 And yet the fair be so unkind,  
 To triumph o'er a heart distress'd?

Say why—thou cherub dimpled boy,  
 Hast thou fetter'd my affection?  
 Why, with a frown my peace destroy,  
 And leave me 'wilder'd by distraction?  
 Ah, would you, Celia, I were laid,  
 Quite breathless in the silent grave?  
 Wou'd you not then, dear cruel maid,  
 In pity once your bosom heave?

Fair Celia listen'd to this strain,  
 With a heart-felt strange obtrusion;  
 Pity then rais'd a gentle flame,  
 Which kindled into soft delusion:  
 Love fann'd the blaze with magic breath,  
 And made her own the genial heat—  
 No more, no more dear youth, of death,  
 Or vainly kneel at Celia's feet.

The nymph these words so sweetly said,  
 Strephon was with joy confounded,  
 Quickly he rear'd his drooping head,  
 And like the heart elate he bounded;  
 He seiz'd her hand and blest her tongue,  
 And smil'd with joy at her decree,  
 Say, through the plains let it be sung,  
 That Celia owns her love for me.

---

SONG.

S O N G.

IN YONDER WILDS.

*An Elegiac Canzonet.*

**I**N yonder wilds ah let me stray,  
To seek some lonely vale ;  
There pass my nights and days away,  
And tell my hapless tale :  
For Emma's gone, her soul's on high,  
And I'm bereft of rest :  
Left here to mourn and sadly sigh,  
Yet hope in heav'n she's blest.

---

S O N G.

WINE AND MUSIC.

**I**F wine and music have the pow'r,  
To ease the sickness of the soul,  
Let Phœbus ev'ry string explore,  
And Bacchus fill the sprightly bowl :  
Let them their friendly aid employ,  
To make my Chloe's absence light ;  
And seek for pleasure to destroy  
The sorrows of the live long night.

W. D.

D

But

But she to-morrow will return,  
 Venus be thou to-morrow great,  
 Thy myrtles strew thy odours burn,  
 And meet thy fav'rite nymph in state:  
 Kind goddess, to no other pow'r,  
 Let us to-morrow's blessings own;  
 Thy darling, love, shall guide the hours,  
 And all the day be thine alone.

---

S O N G.

THE MATCH GIRL.

COME buy of poor Mary, good matches I sell,  
 Thro' London's fam'd city I'm known mighty  
 well;  
 Tho' my heart is quite sunk, yet I constantly cry,  
 Come who'll buy my matches,  
 Come who'll buy my matches, who'll buy, who'll buy;  
 Come who'll buy my matches.

Friends and parents I've none, I ne'er saw their face,  
 I wander about the poor child of disgrace;  
 Yet tho' poor I am honest and oft' heave a sigh,  
 While crying, my matches who'll buy, who'll buy,  
 Come, who'll buy my matches.

My equals despise me and say I am proud,  
 Because I avoid them and keep from the crowd;  
 For wicked temptations I ever will fly,  
 I live by my matches, who'll buy, who'll buy,  
 Come who'll buy my matches.

Alone and unpity'd I'm look'd on with scorn,  
Ah! better for me I had never been born;  
Here I sue for protection, while plaintive I cry,  
Come who'll buy my matches, who'll buy, who'll buy,  
Come who'll buy my matches.

---

S O N G.

GREAT BRITAIN IS THE NOBLEST LAND.

*Sung in the Picture of Paris.*

**G**REAT BRITAIN is the noblest land,  
That e'er the world could boast;  
Where freedom regulates command,  
And her we love the most:

CHORUS.

The King, the Nation, and the Law,  
We're happy to obey;  
Then vive le Loi, vive le Roi,  
And vive la Liberté.

The birds unshackled rove the air,  
And fishes swim the sea;  
No fetters e'er could Briton's bear,  
Then why my boys should we.

The King, &c.

Tho' all the base in arms should rise,  
To rob us of the good ;  
Yet ev'ry effort we'd despise,  
Their rage should be withstood.

The King, &c.

---

S O N G.

SOMEBODY.

*Sung at the Bath Concert.*

**W**ERE I oblig'd to beg my bread,  
And had not where to lay my head ;  
I'd creep where yonder herds are fed,  
And Steal a look at somebody.

Ah, should my love meet with return,  
I'll blefs the day that I was born,  
And never more would sigh forlorn,  
But live to look at somebody.

With him I'd tend my fleecy care,  
With him each anxious wish I'd share,  
And only ask that I might bear,  
The name of my dear somebody.

SONG

## S O N G.

WHILE THE MORN IS INVITING TO LOVE.

*Sung by Mr. Darley.*

THE sun, when arising, bespangles the dew,  
 And tints with his glory the skies;  
 All nature's in motion, how charming the view,  
 When day is beginning to rise!  
 The morning is lovely, Maria, awake,  
 Let us haste to the myrtle alcove;  
 Or stray by the side of the chrystaline lake,  
 While the morn is inviting to love.

Did thy mind turn on me in thy dreams in the night,  
 Did I e'er to thy fancy appear;  
 Did no fond idea thy bosom delight,  
 Maria, unfold to my ear?  
 Unseen and unheard you may tell it me now,  
 Not a witness is near but the dove,  
 Which mourns for its mate, on the Olive-tree bough,  
 While the morn is inviting to love.

The winter, Maria, will come on apace,  
 As summer begins to depart,  
 Come then, in my bosom a confidence place,  
 And speak the fond wish of my heart:  
 O let us, my fair, be united to-day,  
 And haste to the church in the grove;  
 Nor let us the pleasing occasion delay,  
 While the morn is inviting to love.

---

S O N G.

SWEET LILIES OF THE VALLEY.

*Sung at Vauxhall.*

O'ER barren hills and flow'ry dales  
O'er seas and distant shores,  
With merry song and jocund tales,  
I've pass'd some pleasant hours ;  
Tho' wand'ring thus I ne'er could find  
A girl like blithsome Sally,  
Who picks, and culls, and cries aloud,  
Sweet lilies of the valley.

From whistling o'er the hallow'd turf,  
From nesting of each tree,  
I chose a soldier's life to wed,  
So social, gay, and free:  
Yet though the lasses love as well,  
And often try to rally,  
None pleases me like her who cries,  
Sweet lilies of the valley.

I'm now return'd, of late discharg'd,  
To use my native toil,  
From fighting in my country's cause,  
To plough my country's soil :  
I care not which, with either pleas'd,  
So I possess my Sally ;  
That little merry nymph that cries,  
Sweet lilies of the valley.

SONG.

S O N G.

THE BEAUTY OF THE MIND.

*Sung by Mrs. Addison.*

L ADIES, would you know what magic,  
Charms the hearts of all mankind?  
'Tis not bloom nor form angelic,  
But the beauty of the mind.

Graceful mien and handsome feature,  
Powerful attractions are,  
But the choicest gifts of nature,  
With this gift cannot compare.

Gaudy drefs will ne'er avail you,  
Fine complexions will decay,  
But this beauty ne'er will fail you,  
When all others fade away.

If already love's a duty,  
And in wedlock's bands you're join'd,  
Soon you'll see, without this beauty,  
Happiness you ne'er can find.

S O N G.

WINE AND KISSES.

*Sung by Mr. Darley.*

LET fons of slaughter shew their skill,  
By hunting fox or hare,  
We join the chace, but scorn to kill,  
Unless its to kill care:  
Our chace shall haily gaily be,  
Women and wine before us,  
We'll hunt the buttle merrily,  
And smacking kifs in chorus.

Great Alexander fury hurl'd,  
In chasing he'd not halt;  
But after earthing half the world,  
He found himself at fault.

Our chace, &c.

Grave undertakers love the chace,  
They hunt for loss of breath;  
For when we've run our earthly race,  
They come in at the death.

Our chace, &c.

That parsons are your hunting men,  
No one can sure deny;  
They gollings chafe for one in ten,  
And tythe pigs in full cry.

Our chace, &c.

We'll bumpers fill, aye fill apace,  
 And drink our way to fame,  
 Liquor and love shall be our chace,  
 Women and wine our game.

Our chace, &c.

---

S O N G.

THE SHEPHERD'S INVITATION.

*Sung by Master Shepherd.*

SEE, May approaches, crown'd with flow'rs,  
 And Cupid leads the laughing hours;  
 Ah, let not nature smile in vain,  
 But, Mary, blest thy constant swain.

The turtle coos, the linnets sing,  
 With tales of love the woodlands ring,  
 Shall not this am'rous season move,  
 My Mary's gentle heart to love.

Beneath the elm-tree's grateful shade,  
 These hands a leafy hut have made;  
 And pinks and v'lets form the bed,  
 Where Mary fair may rest her head.

Each morn the lark, on soaring wing,  
 Our early mattins sweet shall sing,  
 And ev'ry night securely blest,  
 Sweet Philomel shall sooth to rest,

S O N G.

MY HEART WHISPERS NO.

*Sung by Miss Wingfield.*

**W**HILE I look round the village that harbours  
my dear,  
Strange symptoms possess my breast ;  
I sigh and I tremble, I languish and fear,  
And cannot tell what to do best :  
But if the dear youth should be passing along,  
(And sometimes it will happen so)  
I beckon him to me, perhaps it is wrong,  
But my heart whispers no, no, no, no.

If e'er with another he chances to stray,  
'Tis strange, tho' I cannot tell why,  
But something compels me, and often I say,  
I wish 'stead of her it was I :  
At distance I follow uneasy and sad,  
And oftentimes turn for to go ;  
But, poor little thing, like a bird that is had,  
My heart whispers no, no, no, no.

But, O, with what pleasure I see him at church,  
Such tenderness who can withstand ?  
He vows that each other he'll leave in the lurch,  
If I'll but bestow him my hand :

D'ye

D'ye think I'll refuse him so kind a request?  
 No, truly much better I know;  
 And the truth is the truth, if it must be confess'd,  
 My heart whispers no, no, no, no.

---

S O N G.

THE TRUE HEARTED SAILOR.

**T**HE tar on the ocean true hearted and brave,  
 Looks down with contempt on the big swelling  
 wave;  
 Regardless of danger, he views with a smile,  
 The seas in commotion, and thus sings the while:  
 Tho' tempests may rock me,  
 No terror can shock me,  
 For life they preach up we must pay as a toll;  
 And our ship, should death dock her,  
 For old Davy's locker,  
 Why, d'ye mind me, he'll ne'er get an inch of my  
 foul.

When war is in motion then see him behave  
 Undaunted, and smiling at death and the grave;  
 And though from all quarters the shot round him  
 wings,  
 The true hearted sailor thus carelessly sings:  
 Tho' tempests may rock me,  
 No terror can shock me,  
 For life they preach up we must pay as a toll;  
 And our ship, should death dock her,  
 For old Davy's locker,  
 Why, d'ye mind me, he'll ne'er get an inch of my  
 foul.

## S O N G.

THOMAS AND NANCY.

**T**HE threat'ning storm, the ruffled main,  
Forebodes a sad tempestuous night,  
The black'ning cloud, the misty rain,  
Hides ev'ry pleasing gleam of light :  
Still the sailor minds his track,  
Lash'd to the helm while thunders crack ;  
Hope is his only anchor there,  
And his brave heart's unknown to fear.

Perhaps sweet Nancy on the beach,  
Whose streaming eyes and uplift hand,  
With pray'rs the winds and waves would teach,  
To set her Thomas safe on land :  
Yet still the sailor minds his track,  
Lash'd to the helm while thunders crack ;  
Hope was his only anchor there,  
Which sav'd him for his Nancy dear.

At length the beams of morning shine,  
The winds are still, the tempest o'er :  
And by the aid of pow'r divine,  
The ship rides safely near the shore :  
Then quick the flowing can goes round,  
Each toils forgot and joys abound ;  
Hope was his only anchor there,  
And sav'd him for his Nancy dear.

---

S O N G.

PHEBUS, THOU BRIGHT ORB OF DAY.

**P**HEBUS, thou bright orb of day,  
Shed thy influence o'er this isle;  
That with thy diurnal ray,  
Every tree and plant may smile:  
Flora, goddess of the Spring,  
By thy cheerful looks benign,  
Wilt revive, and flow'rets sing,  
Of thy grateful pow'r divine.

Next, Pomona, so befriend,  
And encrease the orchard's store,  
That with fruits each branch may bend,  
To the greenfod's verdant floor:  
Grant to Ceres genial heat,  
That our labours all around,  
Ere the reaper's toil and sweat,  
With prolific gain be crown'd.

Swell the vintage by thy beams,  
With profusive purple juice;  
So enrich it that the streams  
May most plentuously produce:  
Then will we regale and sing,  
Of thy ever smiling ray;  
Our delights from thee must spring,  
Thou all cheering god of day.

S O N G.

THE BRIDAL DAY.

*Sung at the Apollo Gardens.*

AS straying thro' the jess'mine grove,  
I met young William there ;  
He press'd my hand and talk'd of love,  
Says I pray have a care :  
The duce is in you he would say,  
Why don't you name the bridal day.

What could I do, poor simple maid ?  
But make this strange reply,  
I tell you, Sir, I am afraid,  
And then began to sigh :  
The duce is in you, he would say,  
Why can't you name the bridal day.

I really thought the fellow mad,  
To worry thus my life,  
And yet I somehow lik'd the lad,  
And wish'd to be a wife :  
At last the duce would have me say,  
Why don't you name the bridal day.

SONG.

## SONG.

THE ROSE HAD BEEN WASH'D.

THE rose had been wash'd, lately wash'd in a  
 show'r,  
 Which Mary to Anna convey'd;  
 The plentiful moisture encumber'd the flow'r.  
 And weigh'd down its beautiful head.

The cup was all fill'd and the leaves were all wet,  
 And it seem'd to a fanciful view,  
 To weep for the buds it had left with regret,  
 On the flourishing bush where it grew.

I hastily seiz'd it, unfit as it was,  
 For a nosegay, so dripping and drown'd,  
 And swinging it rudely, too rudely alas,  
 It snapt and it fell to the ground.

And such, I exclaim'd, is the pitiless part,  
 Some act by the delicate mind;  
 Regardless of wringing and breaking a heart,  
 Already to sorrow resign'd.

This elegant rose had I shaken it less,  
 Might have bloom'd with its owner awhile;  
 And the tear that is wip'd with a little address,  
 May be follow'd perhaps by a smile.

S O N G.

THE CHEROKEE CHIEFS.

**T**HE Cherokee chiefs are come o'er to this land,  
To swear in allegiance by England to stand,  
Deputed by thousands this truth to impart,  
The int'rest of Britain they cherish at heart :  
Attach to our Monarch, his welfare and laws,  
They'll fight to protect him, and die in his cause,  
Then fill to our allies what friendship does tell us,  
Success to the chiefs and their tribe of brave fellows.

Defying all hardships, to valor allied,  
The Cherokee Indians each danger deride ;  
To no bold intruder submissive will bend,  
While the King of Great Britain's their father and  
friend :

To arm in his cause, either day or by night,  
The Cherokee Indians will rush with delight—  
Then fill to our allies what friendship does tell us,  
Success to the chiefs and their tribes of brave fellows.

Each mark of civility shewn to them here,  
The Chiefs will hereafter make truly appear,  
A lasting impression will carry away,  
And thus to their Indians exulting will say—  
We have been with our friends o'er the watery lake,  
And heroes we'll die ere our brothers forsake—  
Then fill to our allies what friendship does tell us,  
Success to the chiefs and their tribes of brave fellows.

SONG.

---

S O N G.

THE HUMBUGS.

*Sung by Mr. Johannot.*

**T**HAT life is a humbug and humbugs are in it,  
I'll prove in the fifty-ninth part of a minute,  
And small as well as great talk declares it a poz,  
That the tippy and the twaddle must give way to the  
quoz :

Sure this is a fact, tho' some may descry it,  
The truth is the truth let who will deny it.

Would you wish to pop into a good monied place,  
You must humbug the lady who humbugs his Grace,  
Say a thousand soft things in her ladyship's ear,  
And your business is done by the Lord with the peer  
Sure this is a fact, &c.

Your milliner men too, are nought but humbugs,  
With their pincushion sleeves and coxcomical shrugs ;  
Then the Things are so gentle 'twould surely perplex  
The College of Doctors to find out the sex.

Sure this is a fact, &c.

There's the ma'am in her coach, rolling gaily along,  
Hums a tune of her trade to the tune of my song,  
But her ogles and leers says she's free to be hugg'd,  
And if you go with her you're surely humbugg'd.

Sure this is a fact, &c.

As fortune in favors is sometimes unkind,  
 Take care, when you walk, of the humbugs behind;  
 Stay at home if you're wise, in your chamber keep  
     snug,  
 Lest you're touch'd by the bailiff, that griping humbug.  
     Sure this is a fact, &c.

Your tars on the ocean are humbugs in grain,  
 And will humbug the Dons should they meet on the  
     main,  
 Jack swears that the Spaniards shall open their purse,  
 For daring to think they can e'er humbug us.  
     Sure this is a fact, &c.

---

## S O N G.

### BONNY BET.

*Sung by Mr. Johnstone.*

**N**O more I'll court the town-bred fair,  
 Who shine in artificial beauty,  
 For native charms without compare,  
     Claim all my love respect and duty:  
 O my bonny bonny Bet, sweet blossom!  
 O my bonny bonny Bet, sweet Blossom!  
 Was I a king, so proud to wear thee,  
 From off the verdant couch I'd bear thee,  
 To grace thy faithful lover's bosom,  
 O my bonny bonny Bet.

Yet

Yet ask me where those beauties lie,  
I cannot say in smile or dimple,  
In blooming cheek or radiant eye:  
'Tis happy nature wild and simple.

O my bonny, &c.

Let dainty beaus for ladies pine,  
And sigh in numbers trite and common,  
Ye gods, one darling wish be mine,  
And all I ask is lovely woman.

O my bonny, &c.

Come, dearest girl, the rosy bowl,  
Like thy bright eye with pleasure dancing,  
My heaven art thou so take my soul,  
With rapture ev'ry sense entrancing.

O my bonny, &c.

---

S O N G.

OUR GROTTTO WAS THE SWEETEST PLACE.

*Sung by Mr. Kemble.*

OUR grotto was the sweetest place,  
The bending bough with fragrance blowing;  
Would check the brook's impetuous pace,  
Which murmur'd to be stopt from flowing;  
'Twas there we met and gaz'd our fill,  
Ah! think on this and love me still.

'Twas

'Twas then my bosom first knew fear,  
 (Fear to an Indian maid a stranger)  
 The war song, arrow, hatchet, spear,  
 All warn'd me of my lover's danger:  
 For him would cares my bosom fill,  
 Ah! think on this and love me still.

For him by day with care conceal,  
 To gather fruit I climb the mountain,  
 And when the night no form reveal'd,  
 Jocund we sought the bubbling fountain:  
 Then, then would joy my bosom fill,  
 Ah! think on this and love me still.

---

## S O N G.

### THE GENTLE REQUEST.

O Pity, my dear,  
 That passion sincere,  
 With which I incessantly grieve;  
 And oft' drop the tear,  
 When thou art not near,  
 It is in thy presence I live:  
 Thy charming black eye,  
 So piercing and fly,  
 Most truly may senses inspire;  
 That soon I shall die,  
 Unless you comply  
 With the wish of my heart's fond desire.

Thus,

Thus let us, sweet maid,  
 Pass on to the glade,  
 Where lambkins so sportively bound;  
 And there, undismay'd,  
 Sit in the cool shade,  
 While shepherds and nymphs dance around:  
 And if you'll incline  
 To make me but thine,  
 How pleasing will life glide away,  
 Thy beauties divine  
 Will surely outshine  
 The brightest refulgence of day.

---

## S O N G.

THE CHACE IN GOOD-HUMOUR.

*Sung by Mr. Incedon.*

**L**ET break-neck hunters shew their skill,  
 By following fox or hare,  
 We sing the chace, but scorn to kill  
 Unless its to kill care.

Chor.-s—And a hunting we will go.

Great Alexander fury hurl'd,  
 At conquests he'd not halt,  
 But after earthing half the world,  
 He found himself at fault.

And a hunting we will go.

State Ministers, a hungry pack,  
 On prey are ever bent,  
 For as they loaves and fishes lack,  
 They never quit the scent.

And a hunting we will go.

Fair Danæ, that squeamish prude,  
 Great Jupiter did chace;  
 But ere the tempting gold he shew'd,  
 She shunn'd the god's embrace.

And a hunting we will go.

Fat Aldermen of mighty note,  
 A gormandizing crew,  
 With turtle cram'd up to the throat,  
 Yet custards keep in view.

And a hunting we will go.

Acæon brave, a hunter bold,  
 Diana did affright:  
 She in revenge, to deck his sconce,  
 Made him a buck at fight.

And a hunting we will go.

Grave undertakers love the chace,  
 Who thrive by loss of breath,  
 For when we've run our earthly race,  
 They come in at the death.

And a hunting we will go.

No nymph like Daphne, quick in pace,  
 More fleet than hare or hound,  
 She beat Apollo in the race,  
 And was with laurels crown'd.

And a hunting we will go.

The parsons are hark forward men,  
 Nobody can deny,  
 They gossings chace for one in ten,  
 And thythe-pigs in full cry.

And a hunting we will go.

But we, who time can best employ,  
 Where songs and mirth abound,  
 Enjoy the burst that ne'er can cloy,  
 So hunt the bottle round.

And a hunting we will go.

Your bumpers fill, boys fill apace,  
 We'll drink our way to fame,  
 Liquor and love shall be our chace,  
 Women and wine our game.

And a hunting we will go.

---

## S O N G.

### POOR SNIP.

**A**BUSE me, good people, as much as you can,  
 I care not three skips of a louse,  
 Tho' you say I am but the ninth part of a man,  
 Of that I'll be judg'd by my spouse;  
 I've a fine pretty boy here as ever you saw,  
 He's father's own son by my troth:  
 Who is there like him that can stitch and fine-draw,  
 He cuts to an inch, Sir, his cloth:  
 What th', Sir, by losses my coat be threadbare,  
 And under the arms chance to rip,  
 I've a sweet chopping fellow fits cross legged there;  
 Will work night or day for poor Snip.

While making a black suit of cloaths t'other day,  
 I thought on the people's abuse;  
 I care not a button, cry'd I, what they say,  
 We are notwithstanding of use:  
 A taylor's a man, Sir, I swear by my shears,  
 Can measure a jacket, or trim:  
 His face, like his thimble, quite brazen appears,  
 Who can for a-dress, Sir, match him?  
 What tho' unto rags you our characters tear,  
 We'll sow up each scandalous lip;  
 I've a sweet chopping fellow sits cross-legged there,  
 Will fight for the sake of poor snip.

---

S O N G.

THE GENTLE DEW DISTILL'D FROM HEAV'N.

**T**HE gentle dew distill'd from heav'n,  
 Revives the drooping flow'r:  
 So God-like pity first was giv'n,  
 To sooth a mournful hour.

The aid of med'cine oft' we try,  
 Our health impair'd to mend;  
 Alas! what cordial can supply  
 The absence of a friend.

Sharp are the pangs, hard to remove,  
 A long contracted grief;  
 The pain once caus'd by slighted love,  
 Admits of no relief.

SONG.

S O N G.

JACK THE GUINEA-PIG.

*Sung at Sadler's Wells.*

**W**HEN the anchor's weig'd and the ship's un-  
moor'd,  
And landsmen lag behind, fir,  
The failor joyful skips on board,  
And swearing, prays for a wind, fir:  
Towing here,  
Yehoiing there,  
Steadily, readily,  
Cherily, merrily,  
Still from care and thinking free,  
Is a failor's life, at sea.

When we sail with a fresh'ning breeze,  
And landmen all grow sick, fir,  
The failor lolls, with his mind at ease,  
And the song and the can go quick, fir:  
Lauging here,  
Quaffing there,  
Steadily, &c.

When the wind at night whistles o'er the deep,  
And sings to landsmen dreary;  
The failor fearless goes to sleep,  
Or takes his watch most cheary:  
Boozing here,  
Snoozing there,  
Steadily, &c.

W. D.

E

W. D.

When the sky grows black, and the wind blows hard,  
 And landsmen skulk below, fir,  
 Jack mounts up to the top-fail yard,  
 And turns his quid as he goes, fir :  
     Hawling here,  
     Bawling there,  
     Steadily, &c.

When the foaming waves run mountains high,  
 And landsmen cry, 'All's gone,' fir;  
 The failor hangs 'twixt sea and sky,  
 And he jokes with Davy Jones, fir !  
     Dashing here,  
     Clashing there,  
     Steadily, &c.

When the ship, d'ye see, becomes a wreck,  
 And landsmen hoist the boat, fir,  
 The failor scorns to quit the deck,  
 While a single plank's afloat, fir :  
     Swearing here,  
     Tearing there,  
     Steadily. &c.

---

S O N G.

**G**OOD Sir in vain you bend your brow,  
 And look so queer, I can't tell how,  
 And set your arms a kimbo:  
     My laughter you provoke,  
     Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!  
     Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
 So pleasant is the joke.

If, fir, I choofe to try my fkill,  
 Of fencing foon you'd have your fill;  
 But mighty Signior Whiskers,  
 With you I won't engage;  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!  
 Ha! ha! ha! ha! ha!  
 A fig for all your rage.

Nay, prithee friend don't draw your fword,  
 I fhan't draw mine upon my word;  
 Nor could I fight for laughing,  
 Were I to look at you:  
 Oh! oh! oh! oh! oh!  
 Ah! ah! ah! ah! ah!  
 And fo sweet fin adieu.

---

S O N G.

THE WISH.

*Sung by Mr. Dignum.*

**H**OW few know how to value life,  
 And tafte its real joys;  
 Unmix'd with jealousy and strife,  
 With anger, pride and noife:  
 Let riches, power, and pomp furpafs,  
 And fcorn me if they pleafe;  
 Let me love, laugh, and take my glafs,  
 And lead a life of eafe.

Limpid and pure life's current seems,  
 'Till passion's wild mistake,  
 In madness troubles all the streams,  
 Of which he must partake :  
 Let riches, pow'r, and pomp surpass,  
 And scorn me if they please ;  
 Let me love, laugh and take my glass,  
 And lead a life of ease.

---

S O N G.

THE AFFECTIONATE SOLDIER.

'T WAS in the evening of a wint'ry day,  
 When safe returning from a long campaign,  
 Allen o'ertol'd and weary with the way,  
 Came home to see his Sally once again.

His batter'd arms he carelessly threw down,  
 And view'd his Sally with enraptur'd eyes ;  
 But she receiv'd him with a modest frown—  
 She knew not Allen in his rough disguise,

His hair was knotted and his beard unshorn,  
 His tatter'd 'coutrements about him hung ;  
 A tear of pleasure did his cheeks adorn,  
 And blessings fell in torrents from his tongue.

Am I so alter'd by this cruel trade,  
 That you your faithful Allen have forgot ;  
 Or has your heart to some other stray'd ?  
 Ah ! why did I escape the murd'ring shot.

When

When this he spake, her wonted colour fled,  
 She ran and sunk upon her Allen's breast;  
 All pale awhile, she look'd like one that's dead,  
 He kiss'd, she breath'd, and all her love confess'd.

Yes, my delight, tho' alter'd as thou art,  
 Reduc'd by honest courage to this strait;  
 Thou art the golden treasure of my heart,  
 My long lost husband, and my wish'd for mate.

---

S O N G.

MY DEAR, HOW D'YE DO?

*Sung by Mrs. Mattocks.*

**T**O hear a sweet goldfinch's sonnet,  
 This morning I put on my bonnet,  
 But scarce in the meadow, pies on it!

When the captain appears in my view:  
 I felt an odd sort of sensation,  
 My heart beat in strange palpitation,  
 I blush'd like a pink, or carnation,  
 When he said, my dear, how d'ye do?

The dickens, says I, here has popp'd him,  
 He thought to slip by, but I stopp'd him,  
 So my very best curtsy I dropt him,

With air then he took off his hat:  
 He seem'd with my person enchanted,  
 He squeez'd my hand—how my heart panted,  
 He ask'd for a kiss, which I granted,  
 And, pray now, what harm was in that?

Says I, Sir, for what do you take me?  
 He swore a fine lady he'd make me,  
 No, dem him, he'd never forsake me,  
 And then on his knee he stoop'd down;  
 His handkerchief, la! smelt so sweetly,  
 His white teeth he shew'd so compleatly,  
 He manag'd the matter so neatly,  
 I ne'er can be kifs'd by a clown.

---

S O N G.

THE BIRKS OF ENDERMAY.

*Sung at Ranelagh.*

**T**HE smiling morn, the blooming spring,  
 Invite the cheerful birds to sing;  
 And, while they warble on each spray,  
 Love melts the universal lay:  
 Let us, Amanda, timely wife,  
 Like them improve the hour that flies,  
 And in soft raptures waste the day,  
 Among the birks of Endermay.

For soon the winter of the year,  
 And age, life's winter, will appear;  
 At this thy living bloom will fade,  
 As that will strip the verdant shade:  
 Our taste of pleasure then is o'er,  
 The feather'd songsters are no more;  
 And when they droop, and we decay,  
 Adieu the birks of Endermay.

Behold the hills and vales around,  
 With lowing herds and flocks abound ;  
 The wanton kids, and frisking lambs,  
 Gambol and dance about their dams :  
 The busy bee, with humming noise.  
 And all the reptile kind rejoice ;  
 Let us, like them, then sing and play,  
 About the birks of Endermay.

---

S O N G.

M A R I A.

**T**WAS near a thicket's calm retreat,  
 Under a poplar tree,  
 Maria chose her wretched seat,  
 To mourn her sorrows free :  
 Her lovely form was sweet to view,  
 As dawn at op'ning day ;  
 But, ah ! she mourn'd, her love not true,  
 And wept her cares away.

The brook flow'd gently at her feet,  
 In murmurs smooth along ;  
 Her pipe, which once she tun'd so sweet,  
 Had now forgot its song ;  
 No more to charm the vale she tries  
 For grief has fill'd her breast ;  
 Those joys which once she us'd to prize,  
 But love has robb'd her rest.

Poor hapless maid ! who can behold  
Thy sorrows so severe,  
And hear thy love-lorn story told,  
Without a falling tear :  
Maria, luckless maid, adieu,  
Thy sorrows soon must cease,  
For heaven will take a maid so true,  
To everlasting peace.

---

S O N G.

THE COT OF LAURA.

**Y**OUNG Laura was a lovely lass,  
Her charms all fancy did surpass,  
She was as fair as Flora ;  
Each village swain with verse and song,  
Enraptur'd morn and eve did throng,  
Around the cot of Laura.

Young Roger by her charms was mov'd,  
Tho' late it was he swore he lov'd,  
The pretty black-ey'd Norah ;  
She mourn'd the fallhood of the swain,  
Who for his part now strove in vain,  
To gain the heart of Laura.

Each

Each morn to her he paid his vows,  
 With awkward scrapes and cringing bows,  
 And swore he hated Norah;  
 But all was vain, she heeded not,  
 And told him 'twould not be his lot,  
 To gain the cot of Laura.

Young Phelim was a brisk young swain,  
 He lov'd the lass, nor lov'd in vain,  
 He paid his vows before her;  
 She blush'd consent, nor did she chide,  
 He soon at church made her his bride,  
 And gain'd the cot of Laura.

---

S O N G.

*Sung by Miss Poole.*

**W**HILE Strephon thus you teaze me,  
 To say what won my heart;  
 It cannot sure be treason,  
 If I the truth impart:  
 It was your gen'rous nature,  
 Bold, soft, sincere and gay;  
 It shone in ev'ry feature,  
 And stole my heart away.

'Twas not your voice, tho' charming,  
 'Twas not your smile, tho' bright;  
 'Twas not your bloom, tho' warming,  
 Nor beauty's dazzling light.  
 No--'t was your gen'rous nature, &c.

'Twas not your dress, tho' shining,  
 Nor shape that won my heart:  
 'Twas not your tongue combining,  
 For that might please by art.  
 No—'twas your gen'rous nature, &c.

---

S O N G.

PHEBE OF THE VALE.

**Y**OUNG William, frolicksome and gay,  
 Was crossing o'er a stile,  
 His heart and thoughts were blithe as May,  
 Unus'd to care and toil:  
 His gen'rous breast, by nature taught,  
 To list to others woes,  
 The widows 'plaints his feelings caught,  
 For who can them oppose.

Sweet Phebe tripping o'er the lawn,  
 Was notic'd by our swain,  
 She fill'd his breast soon with love's thorns,  
 He look'd, and look'd again;  
 Oh! heav'n-born maid, ah, prithee stay,  
 Let nature now prevail;  
 Tell me your name—the nymph did say,  
 'Tis Phebe of the vale.

Then, gentle Phebe, quick instill,  
 Some pity in your breast;  
 What throbbing pains now mine do fill,  
 Indeed 'tis robb'd of rest:

Never

Never 'till now, sweet lovely maid,  
Did love my breast assail,  
Ah! don't sincerity upbraid,  
Sweet Phebe of the vale.

Ah, no, she cry'd, forbid it love,  
That I should cruel be;  
There is but one my breast can move,  
And that, sweet youth is thee:  
What joys, says William, fill my breast,  
Since nature will prevail;  
For ev'ry virtue is possess'd,  
By Phebe of the vale.

---

S O N G.

THE CONTENTED PEASANT.

THE dear domestic joys of life,  
Are worth a thousand others;  
A tender mate who loves not strife,  
Kind sisters and good brothers.

No peevish passions break our peace,  
Or raise contentious storm;  
But what we know will serve or please,  
Our ready hands perform.

We never faunter out by day,  
Or do our work by halves;  
I mind the sheep, the corn, the hay,  
My wife the cows and calves.

The field, the dairy, and the flock,  
Our honest wealth create:  
Our children, servants, and our flock,  
Are our affairs of state.

At op'ning day we greet the sun,  
And rise refresh'd and healthy;  
And find that 'tis by duty done,  
We grow both wise and wealthy.

Thus thro' a lengthen'd line of years,  
We've all our wishes crave:  
And blest with more than hopes or fears,  
We find a peaceful grave.

---

S O N G.

COLIN THAT LIVES IN THE VALE.

*Sung by Miss Bertles.*

JESSAMIN sweetens the bow'r,  
And cowslips adorn the gay green;  
And the roses, refresh'd by the show'r,  
Contribute to brighten the scene:  
In a cottage retirement there lives  
Young Colin, and Phebe the fair;  
The blessings each other receives,  
In mutual enjoyment they share:  
And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,  
They're constant as Colin that lives in the vale.

The sweets of contentment supply  
 The splendor and grandeur of pride;  
 No wants can the shepherd annoy,  
 While blest with his beautiful bride:  
 His wish is no greater delight  
 Than to tend on his lambkins by day;  
 And return to his Phebe at night,  
 His innocent toil to repay —  
 And the lads tell the lasses, in hopes to prevail,  
 They're as constant as Colin that lives in the vale.

If her lover delighted appears,  
 The fair one partakes of his bliss;  
 If dejected, she soothes all his cares,  
 And heals ev'ry pain with a kiss:  
 Ye swains, who're accusom'd to rove,  
 And each innocent fair one betray;  
 From this pair learn the true joys of love,  
 And his dictates with honor obey;  
 Your passions, fond shepherds, will surely prevail,  
 If constant as Colin that lives in the vale.

---

S O N G.

SANDY OF THE GREEN.

**N**OW spring her sweets disclose,  
 And flow'rets deck the grove;  
 I'll make, with sweetest roses,  
 A garland for my love:

The

The flow'rs that scent the air,  
Are not sa blooming seen,  
Are not sa sweet and fair,  
As sandy of the green.

Na lad can blink sa blithe and gay,  
Na lad that e'er was seen,  
Sa sweetly on the pipe can play,  
As Sandy of the green.

As o'er the burn a maying,  
I lately bent my way,  
I met young Sandy straying,  
Wi' lads and lasses gay :  
I felt delight and pleasure,  
To view his grace and mien ;  
Sure then my only treasure  
Is Sandy of the green.

Na lad can blink, &c.

My Sandy vows he will be mine,  
The kirk shall make us one ;  
And other lasses he'll resign,  
And live for me alone :  
There's sa much joy in store for me,  
I envy not the queen :  
While I am blest wi' love and thee,  
Dear Sandy of the green.

Na lad can blink, &c.

SONG.

## S O N G.

HA, HA, HA, HA.

**Y**OUNG Jockey, I vow, was the bonniest lad,  
 That e'er tun'd a pipe on the banks of the Tay;  
 Each grace that delighted from nature he had,  
 Tho' frolicksome modest; tho' diffident, gay:  
 But pride in my bosom assum'd a controul,  
 Compelling soft love for a time to withdraw;  
 And when he assay'd to unbosom his soul,  
 Coquettish I flounc'd with a ha, ha, ha, ha.

In language persuasive the shepherd oft' try'd,  
 In vain to convince me how ardent his flame;  
 For still his fond suit with disdain I deny'd,  
 But soon found a cause my demeanour to blame:  
 One eve thro' the grove as they wantonly stray'd,  
 With Kate in soft converse my lover I saw;  
 Then jealousy stung me, which pleas'd he survey'd,  
 And carelessly jogg'd on with ha, ha, ha, ha.

A cloud of despair now envelop'd my mind,  
 Contrition did sorely my conduct upbraid;  
 As droops the parch'd rose, so my beauty's declin'd  
 Which Jockey perceiving, soon flew to my aid:  
 To church then he led me, and made me his bride,  
 I freely confess that his will was my law;  
 By Hymen united, all folly aside,  
 We cheerfully join in the ha, ha, ha, ha.

S O N G.

PEGGY PERKINS.

**L**ET bards elate,  
Of Sue and Kate,  
And Moggy take their fill-o:  
And pleas'd rehearse,  
In jingling verse,  
The lads of Richmond-hill-o:  
A lads more bright,  
My am'rous flight,  
Impel'd by love's fond workings,  
Shall loudly sing,  
Like any thing,  
'Tis charming Peggy Perkins.

Some men compare  
The fav'rite fair  
To ev'ry thing in nature;  
Her eyes divine,  
Are suns that shine,  
And so on with each feature:  
Leave, leave, ye fools  
These hackney'd rules,  
And all such subtle quirkings;  
Sun, moon, and stars,  
Are all a farce,  
Compar'd to Peggy Perkins.

Each twanging dart  
 That through my heart  
 From Cupid's bow has morric'd,  
 Were it a tree  
 Why I should be  
 For all the world a forest:  
 Five hundred fops,  
 With shrugs and hops,  
 And leers, and smiles, and smirking,  
 Most willing she  
 Would leave for me—  
 Oh! what a Peggy Perkins.

---

## S O N G.

## THE VIRGIN'S FIRST LOVE.

**H**OW sweet is the joy when our blushes impart,  
 The youthful affection which glows in the heart,  
 When prudence and duty and reason approve,  
 The timid delight of the virgin's first love.

But if the fond virgin be destin'd to feel  
 A passion she must in her bosom conceal,  
 Let a stern parent's anger the flame disapprove,  
 Where then's the delight of the virgin's first love?

If stolen the glance by which love is confess'd,  
If the sigh, when half heav'd be with terror suppress'd;  
If the whisper of passion cold caution must move,  
Where then's the delight of the virgin's first love?

Or if her fond bosom with tenderness fights  
For a lover, who ceases her passion to prize,  
Forgetting the vows with which warmly he strove  
To gain the soft charms of the virgin's first love.

If, tempted by int'rest, he ventures to shun  
The gentle affections his tenderness won,  
With another thro' passion's wild mazes to rove—  
Where's then the delight of the virgin's first love?

See her eye, when the tale of his treach'ry she hears,  
Now beaming with scorn, and now glist'ning with tears;  
How great is the anguish she's fated to prove!  
Farewell the delight of the virgin's first love.

No more sweet emotion shall glow on her cheek,  
But paleness her bosom's keen agony speak,  
And, dimm'd by affliction, that eye shall now prove,  
Which spoke the mild warmth of the virgin's first love.

And now, sad companion of mental distress,  
Disease steals upon her in health's flatt'ring dress;  
Sure the blush on that cheek ev'ry fear must remove,  
Ah! no, 'tis the effects of the virgin's first love.

Still brighter's the colour that glows on her cheek,  
 Her eye boasts a lustre no language can speak;  
 Yet, vain are the hopes these appearances prove,  
 Fond parent ! they spring from the virgin's first love.

And now, not unconscious that death hovers near,  
 On her face see the smiles of contentment appear;  
 No struggle, no groan, his dread summons to prove,  
 He ends the fond dream of the virgin's first love.

Ye nymphs ! ere your bosoms with tenderness heave,  
 Let your prudent choice a glad sanction receive,  
 Lest hopeless affection's keen anguish you prove,  
 And Hymen ne'er smile on the virgin's first love.

But chiefly beware that the much favor'd youth  
 Is wholly devoted to you and to truth,  
 Lest the anguish of slighted affection you prove,  
 And death end the dream of the virgin's first love.

---

S O N G.

THE FAIR AND GAY.

**W**ITHOUT a girl to toy and kiss,  
 What could a mortal do;  
 'Tis beauty does enhance each bliss,  
 Whatever we pursue:

Her

Her eyes direct to ev'ry joy,  
Advance  
They glance,  
Entrance  
by chance,  
Their sweets can never cloy.

Then push the bumper round, my buck,  
To ev'ry willing tit ;  
The queen of love will fend good luck,  
And ev'ry fancy hit :  
Then let each voice the theme prolong,  
The tall,  
The small,  
I call,  
With all.  
As subject to my song.

Then let me trip in fashion's round,  
Among the fair and gay ;  
Where beauty constantly is found,  
Th' op'ra, ball, and play :  
Survey who is to sport inclin'd,  
To joy,  
Not coy,  
Annoy  
Nor cloy,  
But give to love her mind.

---

S O N G.

THE SCOLD.

**T**HE plague of one's life  
Is surely a wife;  
Who still is fomenting of evil:  
From morning to night,  
All is wrong, nothing right,  
A scold is sure worse than the devil.

When I first gave a kiss,  
I thought that each bliss  
Was center'd in sweet pretty Mary;  
But now, I am wed,  
O! I wish I was dead,  
Her temper I find the contrary.

Let me say what I will,  
Her tongue won't lay still,  
Like the clack of a mill it is going;  
If I stop up my ears,  
In a rage she appears,  
And more hot then her passion is glowing.

If I go, or I stay,  
At home, or away,  
Each serves her alike for a riot;  
Tho' a foe to all strife,  
Such a devil's my wife,  
She never will let me be quiet.

SONG.

---

S O N G.

THE PEDLAR.

*Sung in Oscar and Malvina.*

I AM a jolly gay pedlar,  
Come here to sell my ware :  
Yet tho' in all things I'm a medler,  
I meddle most with the fair :  
When I shew my ribbands to misses,  
Tho' copper and filler I gain ;  
Yet better I'm pleas'd with the blisses,  
That now I cannot explain.

Fools say that life is but sorrow,  
And seem disinclin'd to be gay ;  
But why should we think of to-morrow,  
When we may be happy to-day :  
I rove round the world for my pleasure,  
Resolv'd to take nothing amiss ;  
And think my existence a treasure,  
When blest with the cup and the kiss.

They surely are thick headed asses,  
Who know that youth's gone in a crack,  
Yet will not enjoy as it passes,  
The season that never comes back :  
Let time jog on slower or quicker,  
Or whether we're tilly or wise ;  
We shall not be the worse for good liquor,  
Or the smile of a girl with black eyes.

SONG.

S O N G.

*Sung in Oscar and Malvina.*

**O** EVER in my bosom live,  
Thou source of endless treasure !  
Since nothing else on earth can give  
So dear, so rich a treasure:  
True love perhaps may bring alarms,  
Or be but loss of reason ;  
Yet still it adds to summer charms,  
And cheers the wintry season.

The lustre of the great and gay,  
Is transitory fashion ;  
Whilst pure and lasting is the ray,  
Of unaffected passion :  
When danger threatens the peasant's cot,  
And cruel cares assail it,  
Affection's smiles shall sooth his lot,  
Or bid him not bewail it.

Then let us each on each rely,  
A mutual transport borrow,  
The slavish forms of life defy,  
And artificial sorrow:  
Content we'll laugh, and sport, and sing,  
Grow livelier and jocosier ;  
While time, that fleets on envious wings,  
Shall bind our hearts the closer.

---

S O N G.

STORMY LANNOW.

*Sung by Mr. Harrison.*

**F**ROM thy rocks stormy Lannow I fly,  
From the rocks that are lash'd by their tide;  
From the maid, whose cold bosom, relentless as they,  
Has wreck'd my warm hopes by her pride:  
Yet lonely and rude as the scene,  
Her smile to that scene could impart  
A charm that might rival the bloom of the vale;  
But away, thou fond dream of my heart.

Now the blast of the winter comes on,  
And the waters grow dark as they rise;  
Yet, 'tis well—they resemble the fullen disdain  
That has lower'd in those heart-piercing eyes:  
Sincere were the sighs he repress'd,  
But they rose in the days that are flown;  
Ah! nymph, unrelenting and cold as thou art,  
My spirit is proud as thy own.

Lo! the wings of the sea fowl are spread,  
To escape the rough storm by their flight;  
And these caves will afford them a gloomy retreat,  
From the winds and the billows of night:  
Like them, to the home of my youth,  
Like them to its shades I retire;  
Receive me, and shield my chill spirit, ye groves,  
From the storms of insulted desire.

F I N I S



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